

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

GE

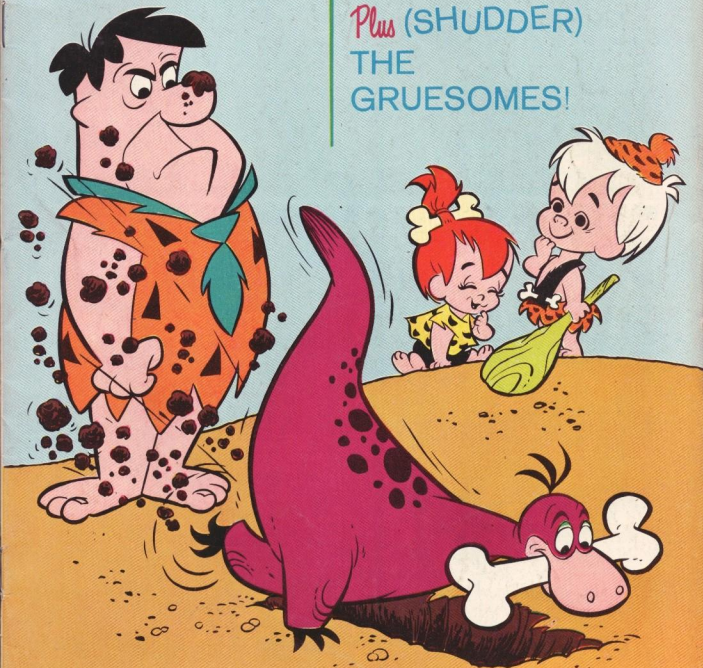
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HANNA-BARBERA

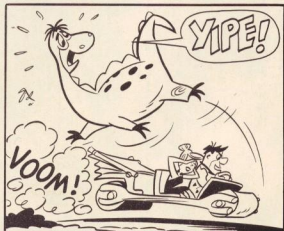
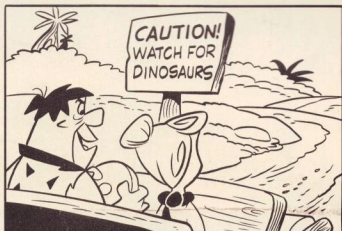
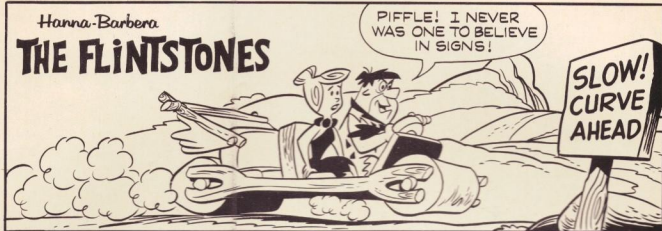
THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMB-BAMB

Plus (SHUDDER)
THE
GRUESOMES!



Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

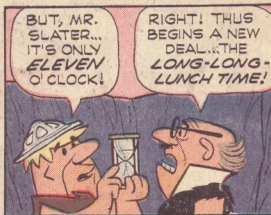


**K
L
U
N
K!**



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THE FLINTSTONES

IN QUEST OF A QUARRY



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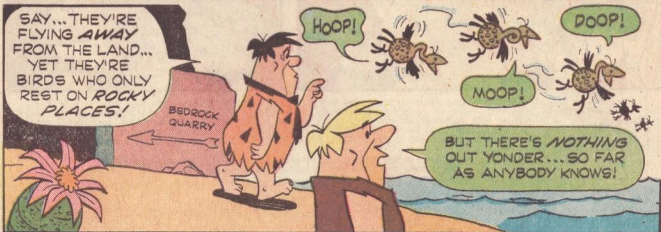
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AND SO...THE LONG-LONG LUNCH TIME...

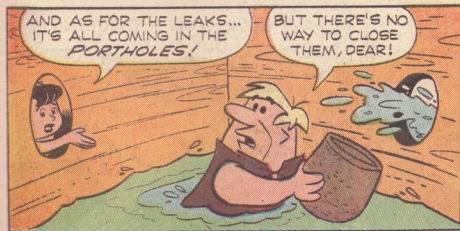
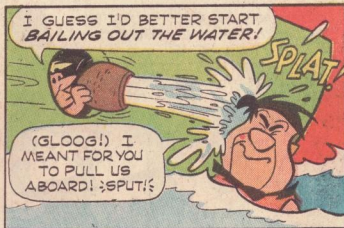






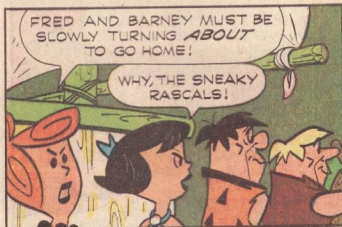
SO OFF THEY SAIL, INTO THE UNKNOWN REACHES OF CHOPPY BLUE...

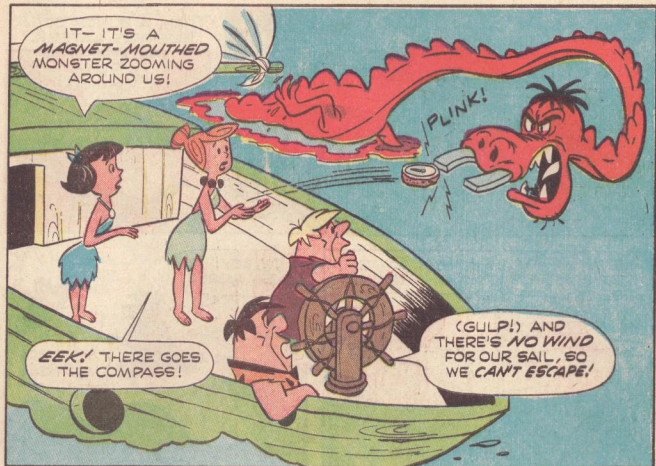






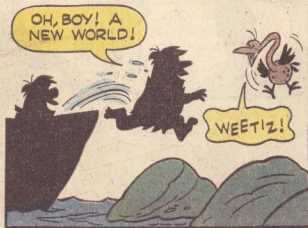
BUT
AFTER
THE
STORM
IS
OVER...

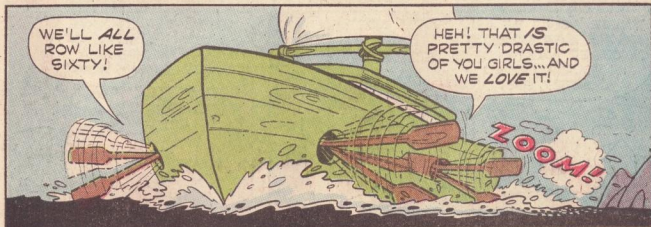




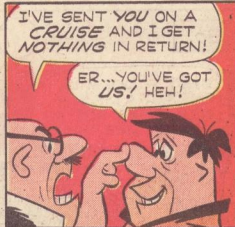


THEN, A BUNCH OF
BLISTERS LATER...





BUT BACK AT BEDROCK QUARRY,
MR. SLATER FLIPS HIS LIP...



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CAVE KIDS

THE RARE
REWARD

ROCKY
RANGER,
HERO OF
GRANITE
HEIGHTS,
SWOOPS
TO THE
RESCUE
AGAIN...

DIVE,
FLAPPY!

HALP!
AVALANCHE!
HALP!



THANK YOU SO MUCH!
NOW LET ME REWARD YOU!



HERE...I EMBROIDERED
THE FLOWERS ON THIS
HANKY MYSELF!

ER...
THANK
YOU,
MISS!

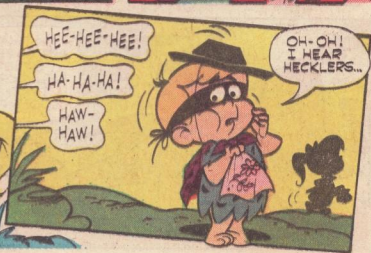


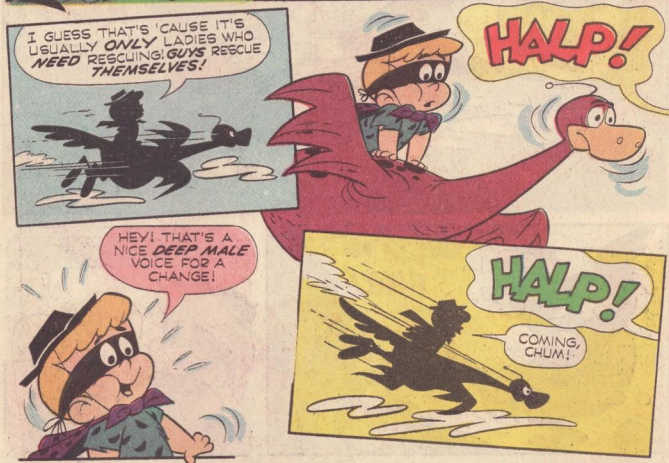
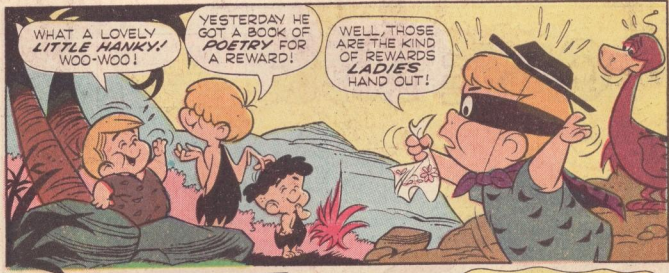
HEE-HEE-HEE!

HA-HA-HA!

HAW-
HAW!

OH-OH!
I HEAR
HECKLERS...









TOO-GOOD DETECTIVE



Perry Gunnite was cooking some chili and beans in the back of his office, which was also serving as his home. Suddenly he heard the front door creak open.

"Anybody here?" a voice shouted. "I need help desperately!"

"Shucks," muttered Perry, "why do people always need help during my lunch hour?"

An elderly man was in the office. Perry recognized him as Professor Superthink, an inventor who lived nearby.

"Good day, sir!" said Perry. "I take it you require the services of a private investigator!"

"Well, I didn't come here to pick up my laundry!" the man snapped.

"Oh, that will be done this afternoon!" said Perry. You see, he took in laundry to supplement his income when business was slow—which was most of the time.

Suddenly the inventor sniffed the air.

"What is that delicious, drooly aroma?" he asked.

"Just some chili and beans I'm cooking!" replied Perry. "Would you like some?"

"WOULD I?" cried Professor Superthink. "That's my favorite food!"

Perry gave him a plateful, and between gulps the inventor explained his problem. Someone had just stolen a set of plans for his latest super-secret invention!

"Where were the plans?" asked Perry.

"In my safe!"

"Aha!" said Perry. "It looks like an inside job! Someone knew the combination!"

"No, no!" said the inventor, impatiently. "They stole the safe, too!"

"Hmmm!" mused Perry. "Was there anything else stolen?"

"Only a box of candy!"

Perry pondered a moment. "It sounds like Sweet-Tooth Seymour's M.O.!"

"What does M.O. mean?" the professor asked, gulping down more chili and beans.

"I dunno!" shrugged Perry. "Detectives always say it! Who am I to be different?"

(For Perry's information, M.O. means *Modus Operandi*—Method of Operation.)

Perry lost no time in picking up the culprit's trail, following a litter of candy wrappers from the laboratory to a dingy shack next door to a candy factory.

Bursting in through the door, he caught Sweet-Tooth Seymour in the act of removing the precious plans from the safe which he had just blown open.

"Caught in the act!" cried Perry triumphantly. "Unhand those plans!"

"Look, buddy," whined Seymour, "in case you don't know it, I did you a favor by stealing these plans!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Perry.

Seymour handed over the plans. "I mean this," he growled, "these are plans for an automatic detective!"

"An automatic detective?"

"Yes!" put in Professor Superthink. "It's a machine that you feed clues into, and it automatically comes up with the solution to a crime!"

"Oh, no!" Perry groaned. "What have I done? I've put myself out of business!"

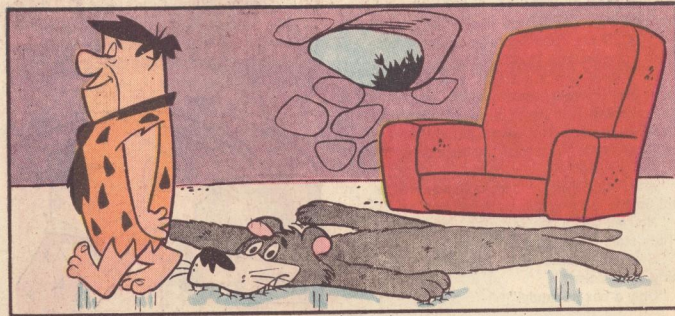
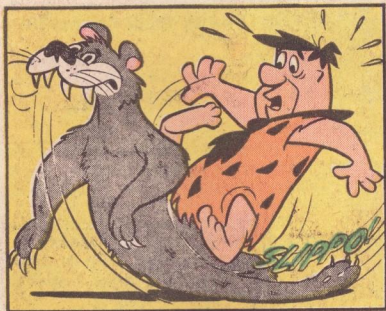
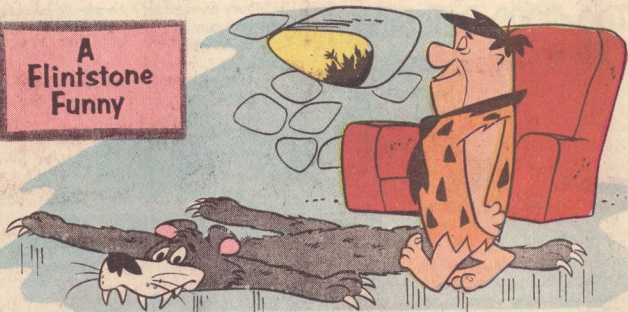
"Not exactly!" said the professor as he tore up the plans. "I'm giving up the idea of building an automatic detective!"

Perry brightened. "You mean I'm better than a machine?"

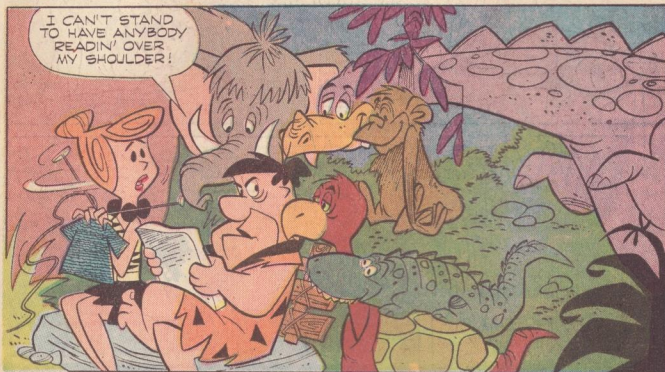
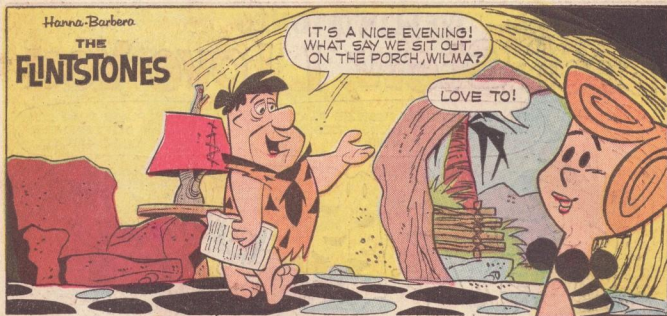
"Not necessarily," replied the inventor. "But I'm sure that no machine could cook chili and beans the way you do! Let's go back to your office for some more!"



A
Flintstone
Funny



Hanna-Barbera
THE
FLINTSTONES



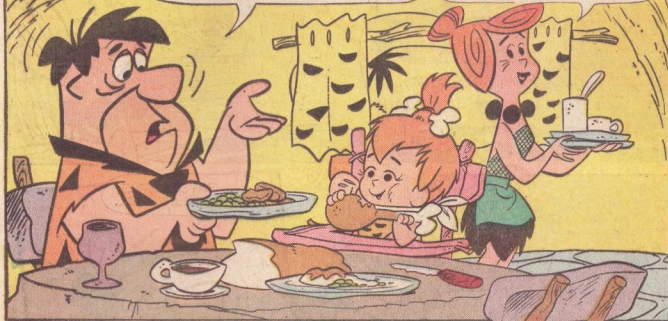
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THE FLINTSTONES

Beef Stew, I Love You

HEY, I MUST HAVE PEBBLES' PLATE!
WHY, THERE'S NOT ENOUGH FOOD ON HERE
TO FEED A BIRD!

THAT'S YOUR PLATE, DEAR... I'M
JUST CUTTING DOWN ON YOUR
MEALS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!



UNTIL YOU LOSE
SOME WEIGHT,
YOU'RE ON
A DIET!

UHP!



LATER...

WELL, SHE CAN
CUT DOWN ON
MY MEALS, BUT
MY MIDNIGHT
SNACKS ARE
UP TO ME!



WILMA!

WHAT
ON
EARTH?



MAKE DINO LET ME
INTO THE ICEBOX!

NO, DEAR!
REMEMBER, YOU'RE
ON A DIET!

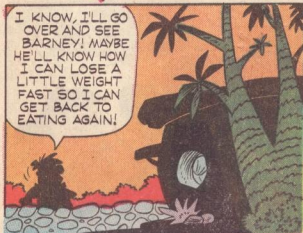


THE
NEXT
DAY...

BOY, SOME BREAKFAST-
NOTHIN' OVER EASY! I'M
SHAKING FROM THINKING
ABOUT FOOD!



I KNOW, I'LL GO
OVER AND SEE
BARNEY! MAYBE
HE'LL KNOW HOW
I CAN LOSE A
LITTLE WEIGHT
FAST SO I CAN
GET BACK TO
EATING AGAIN!



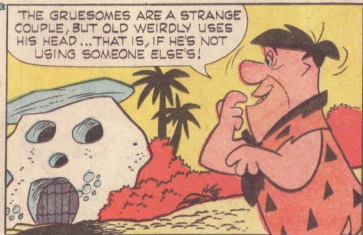
OH, OH! I JUST REMEMBERED-
THEY'RE OUT OF TOWN FOR
THE WEEKEND!



THIS IS
HORRIBLE! HM,
SPEAKING OF
HORRIBLE-WHY
NOT? MAYBE
MY OTHER
NEIGHBORS
ARE HOME!



THE GRUESOMES ARE A STRANGE
COUPLE, BUT OLD WEIRDLY USES
HIS HEAD...THAT IS, IF HE'S NOT
USING SOMEONE ELSE'S!



WHY,
HELLO,
FRED!

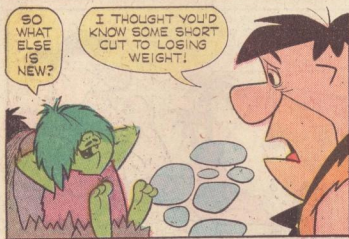
HI, WEIRDLY! HOW
ABOUT CHATTING
FOR A SPELL?

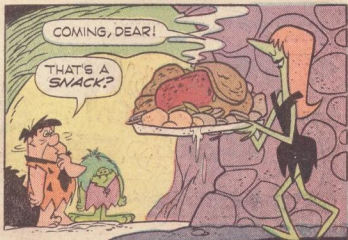


SURE
THING!
COME
INTO
MY
DEN!

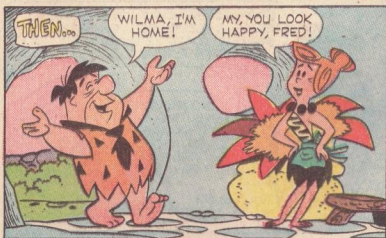
...SAID THE SPIDER
TO THE FLY...ER, I
MEAN, SURE!













Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

ROCK-A-BYE BEDLAM

DON'T WORRY,
MR. RUBBLE... I'M AN
EXPERT BABY SITTER!
PLUS, I HAVE MY
BOYFRIEND TO
HELP ME!

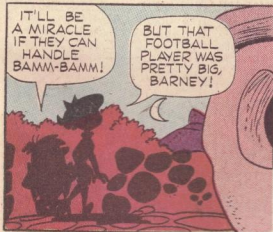
AND I'M
AN ALL-STAR
FOOTBALL
PLAYER!

WELL, IF YOU
HAVE ANY TROUBLE
WE'LL ONLY BE A
STONE'S THROW
AWAY AT THE
FLINTSTONES!



IT'LL BE
A MIRACLE
IF THEY CAN
HANDLE
BAMM-BAMM!

BUT THAT
FOOTBALL
PLAYER WAS
PRETTY BIG,
BARNEY!



BUT IN NO TIME AT ALL...

**BAMM-
BAMM!**

EEEK! HELP!
MR. RUBBLE!

THERE GOES
BAMM-BAMM!



COMING!

SORRY,
FRED...
WILMA!

IT'S THE
STORY OF
YOUR LIFE!

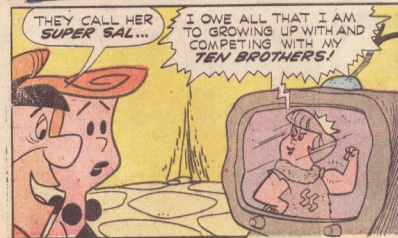
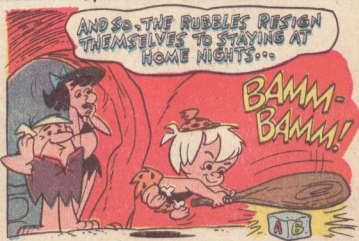
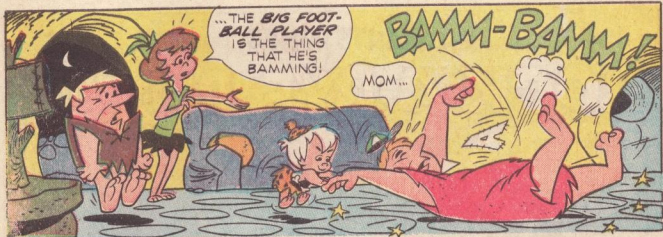


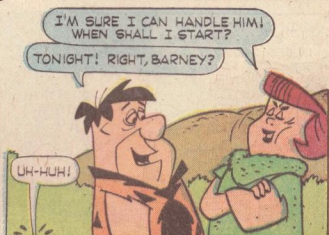
**BAMM-
BAMM!**

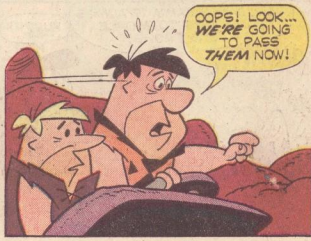
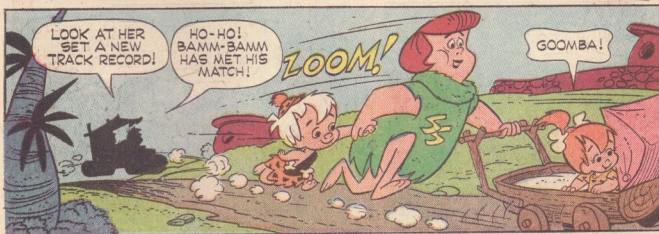
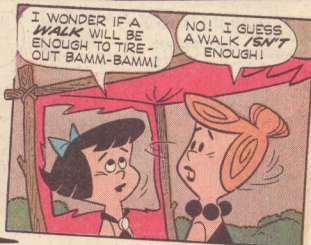
I'M SURPRISED
THAT THE BIG
FOOTBALL GUY
CAN'T STOP
BAMM-BAMM FROM
BAMMING
THINGS!

I'M
AFRAID
NOT,
SIR...

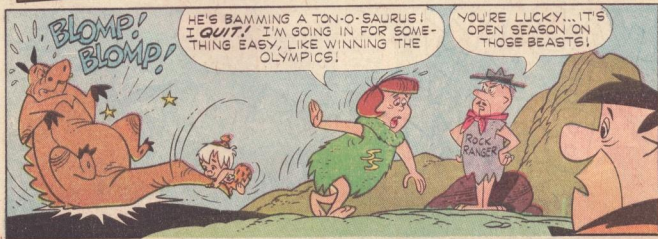
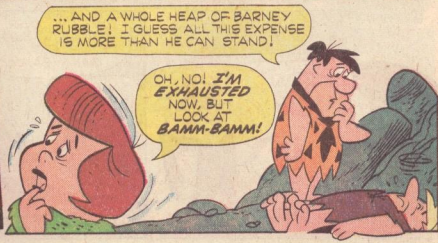


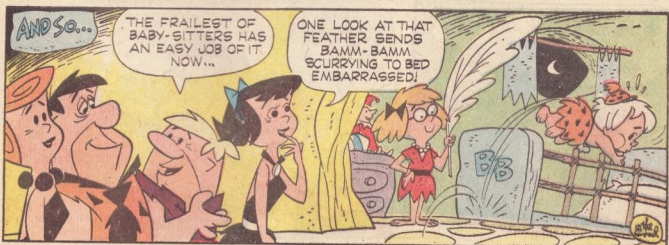
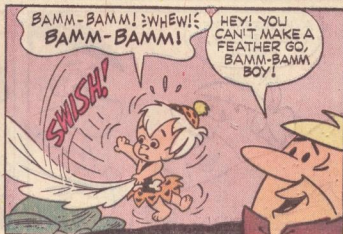












Hanna-
Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES



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THE
FLINTSTONES

HERE COMES THE
BUS, BARNEY!

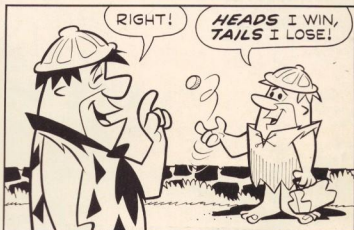
YEAH, AND IT
LOOKS LIKE
JUST TWO
SEATS LEFT!



I'LL FLIP YOU TO SEE WHO
GETS THE BEST SEAT!

RIGHT!

**HEADS I WIN,
TAILS I LOSE!**



HEADS, *I* WIN!

